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A Sunset.

Beside a dusty way a cottage stands,
Brown from the touch of many changeful years.
Wander and summer both have left their hands
Upon its claspings and above it rears
A towering oak, whose branches overhade
Its roof-tree with a sort of guardian look.
Behind its rocky arch, through which a glade
Of somber green half hides a running brook.
The fence before is gray with clinging moss,
And here and there a picket, fallen down,
Lies in the grass. The evening breezes toss
The tassel-like, with its gorgeous crown,
Out at the hedge, where everything is bright
With hollyhocks and flowers like the sun;
With purple pansies and with daisies white,
While up the wall the bright nasturtiums run.
With drowsy eyes and semi-wakeful sleep
A shadowy house of stretch at the gate;
While in the score or two of sheep
And mid-eyed cattle for the master wait.
The day is waning, and the path is gloom,
Of the red sun and hill-top, rock and tree,
And in the west the clouds, touched by his
beams,
With lips of fire like the pulsing sea.
The song of birds grows clearer as the night,
By deepening shadows heralds her return.
A tint of bronze creeps o'er the golden light,
That but an hour ago appeared to burn.
The breeze dies down. A twilight quiet lies
Over the landscape in a sweet repose.
So, with a blessing over earth and skies,
Unto his rest the day serenely goes.

LIFTING UP.

When Susan Robinson was left a widow with three small children, life seemed hardly worth striving for. But as time wore on, her staunch womanhood came to her aid, and she determined to do her utmost to make home pleasant for her lost Harry's children, and undertake such work as she could get to provide them food and clothes. She rented most of her little mortgaged house, and lived in two rooms, having hard times and spending many anxious nights over the difficulty of paying the small bills necessary for their maintenance.
When Philip Powers, a well-to-do clerk, touched by her motherliness and destitution, proposed marriage, she put back her natural repugnance and accepted him in order to better the condition of her fatherless little ones, trusting life would flow more smoothly.
No two persons could begin life together with less realization of what each was best and for what. The husband, now past forty, had been a bachelor, waited on as a person of consideration in the house where he had boarded for fifteen years. Susan's first husband had treated her with tenderness and consideration, much as if she were a child. Now these two lived together, one because a sweet fate, made interesting by its black surroundings, had charmed him; the other because she wanted provision for her children. When the hard places came, they were the harder that neither had any stock of experience to draw from. Mr. Powers had not thought of reconstructing his habits to suit a house with three young children in it. Susan had no intention of keeping her children from noisy play, or of sending them to bed early, to suit his whims. If he had always spoken, and it was for him, then a little change would be good for the young ones.
In half a year there was open warfare. Mr. Powers had learned to dislike, to dread to hate, his step children; they to dread and dislike him; the mother to compare her life with what it might have been, had she struggled on alone, or, more dangerous still, with what it would have been, had Henry lived, and one day, in the course of some dispute, she said the bitter things that she had thought. From that day they lived over a smoldering volcano; jealous sense of wrong on one side, assertion, in spite of shame and humiliation, on the other. Susan affected to be lightening her children's bodies, when she opposed what she considered tyranny; her husband felt that all he had tried to do for her, and that the children, whose bread he had earned, were despised him. This was not the truth; for Susan, though she was unjust, never said a word against her husband, save to him, or before his face; there was left this little spark of truth and honor yet. There were occasional truces and attempts at peace, until the little girl was born; then the worst of this divided house appeared. The father was constantly on the watch, and the thousand little nameless ways in which own petulance shows itself, awakened Susan's jealousy for her fatherless ones. And once, when Mr. Powers struck Harry because the baby was hurt in the nursing, the mother's anger flamed out. "What, is she better than my boy? I wish that she had never been born. And never, in her father's right, would she bestow a caress upon his child; when he was out of the way, she made up for all.
At fifteen months old the child fell ill; it was a bad summer for babies, and she was teething; it was only a week's sickness, and she died. As they were putting her into the little casket, her father turned to his wife, and said, "This is as good as what you wished." Susan dared not ask if the grave were to be made in her lot, but she hoped, till the very moment when the casket was turned to the opposite side, and the whole breadth of the cemetery lay before her.
"I will never go there when he can know," said Susan to herself. And in this frame of mind, filled with anguish for her loss, with remorse for what she had allowed herself to say and feel while the child lived, and with anger toward her husband, she went to church, on the Sunday after the funeral, more for the sake of getting away alone than for the hope that any word could help her there. She had never been in the same place before.

It was Friday morning, and the Rev. Mr. Stanfield sat in his study, attempting to write a sermon of consolation. Two of his parishioners had died that week, one old, the other in the prime of life; he must say something of comfort, something of heaven, to the mourners. He had the text written out: "Ye believe in God, believe also in Me." In My Father's house are many mansions. But that was as far as he could go; the words that he wanted would not come. He walked out, to try and work himself into the mood, when instead of it there fell upon him such a sense of the worth of man as man, such a vision of the Lord, such a sense of his possibilities, such a sense of his possibilities, that came upon him such a realization of the soul, apart from conditions, that he felt it must be written. What a waste of time with the work which must be done yet on his paper. "Ye are of more value than many sparrows," and "For we are also His offspring." Writing was no labor then, and before he thought of it, there was a sermon. "I must pick out an old one for Sunday," he thought; but on Saturday night he determined to preach that. "It's the word of the Lord to me for this hour, and I will say it."
Susan Powers heard that sermon; and it was the word of deliverance and peace to her soul. She sat like one rose and went out of the house, just casting one backward glance at the man who had spoken, to see if he were not indeed an angel; then with a fixed purpose in her heart, turned toward her home. "I will try and keep my sight," she said; "I will not become blind again. For she was like one who had just received his sight. How all her life, to this hour, she herself had been the center around which the universe revolved; her rights, her comfort, had been the important matters, and people were good or bad according to their treatment of her! And yet life, her life, had seemed only poor and a mean."
No word of upbraiding or of warning or threatening could have touched her in this thought of the value of man had done.

"But how can I let him know of this new light that has come to me?" she asked herself. "If I were to begin talking kindly, he would think there was some purpose in it, and despise me. If I tell him that I have been wrong, he will not listen to me. Some cutting thing. What shall I do?" She thought of the children; but since the baby's death, he had never spoken, not even to scold them. He went in and out just as though they were not in the world. At the table, their mother gave them food which he had purchased, knowing that he hated them, and feeling as if each morsel they ate was choking her. Then the thought came of the little grave, and how he would go there alone at sunset; would she dare offer to go with him? No, her courage was not equal to that. But there was something she could do. She found that her husband was busy writing in his own room; and quickly gathering her best, loveliest, and most precious, she went to the cemetery; tenderly, with tears that fell not merely for her loss, she laid the offering on the new grave. That little mound was an altar, and this was an offering of love and peace, and of hope too.
That night, when Mr. Powers came home, his wife scarcely raised her eyes to his face; though she longed to know if her repentance were accepted. He said nothing, but she fancied that his movements were gentler than usual, and he actually picked up one of the children, and put it in his arms, as if he had not used to touch anything of theirs. All through the week Susan watched to do kind things, without being obtrusive; and when Sunday night came, as he was leaving the house, her bonnet and shawl were laid out, and she said, "I should like to go with you, Philip, if, as he did not forbid, she walked on by his side. Neither spoke; but after a little, Susan timidly put her hand on her husband's arm; this he permitted also, and said that her offers of peace were not despised.

Day by day she sought and made little opportunities to show good will; not receiving direct encouragement, but not repelled, she persevered, feeling constantly that a little ground was gained. The great danger was that her sense of wrong had vanished; she found herself beginning to think first of his comfort and convenience; to consider his interests, and to feel real pain when the children inconsidered him in any way.
Early in the autumn Harry was taken ill, of a fever proved pneumonia. On the second day, before Susan had realized that it was anything very serious, her doctor came in, saying, "Your husband came round; he thinks I had better see the little lad. There was a choking attack, as you said; but it was not so bad, but she had not wanted a doctor for the baby at first; she had not thought her sick enough. Harry's symptoms grew more and more alarming, and as his mother wondered to herself if she could stay with him alone, George Marshall, a friend of Mr. Powers, had found her out and sent her. Susan understood why he had been back from any part in the nursing, and felt that she should do the same in his place. But that very night he said to Mrs. Marshall, "You must go to bed; I will sit up with my wife; and she would you in the day-time." And these words and care while the child lived. "We must be all dreaming," the mother thought, as she saw the boy carried in by her husband's arms, soothed and tended, just as his baby had been: "What should I have done, if he had left me alone!"
The last distinct words that Harry spoke were: "Take me up, papa." It was the first time either child had called him "papa," and a sob came from the strong man's breast.

A few weeks later Mr. Powers asked his wife to go with him and see some little stones that he had looked at, to mark the children's graves. Before they came to the marble works he said suddenly, as though anxious to have it off his mind, "I have had the baby taken up and buried by Harry, and I have been looking at a stone for his father; you would like to have one." And there was a fine, large piece of marble set aside for Susan's judgment, and the two little blocks were of the same fine, pure

vein. In a whisper, as they waited to give the final order, her husband said, "The baby had no name, but I would like to have 'Susan,' on the stone." And thus it was.

The next year a little boy was born, and his mother named him 'Philip,' but his father added 'Henry,' as his part in the naming of their only son.
"Whom we bless, we love."

Reminiscence of Arctic Exploring.

The Arctic exploring expedition which left San Francisco recently in the steamer *Jeannette* for Behring's Strait, recalls another expedition of the same kind, sent out by the English government about twenty-five years ago, which met with a singular fate. The vessel which contained the exploring party was named the *Investigator*, and attempted to make the northwest passage by sailing to the east. She got safely through Behring's Strait, but became locked in the ice in the Bay of Mercy, and remained helplessly there for two years. At the end of that time the *Resolute*, a vessel sent out by the British government to search for traces of Sir John Franklin, arrived from the east in Wellington Inlet, and by sending a party across the ice for about a hundred miles to the west, communicated with the crew of the *Investigator* and brought them on sledges to the *Resolute*. The *Investigator* was abandoned and never heard from again, but her crew accomplished the northwest passage by passing over the ice in sledges, and their ship was not stranded. On arriving at the *Resolute*, she was found firmly fixed in the ice, and the party were obliged to abandon her also and find their way south on sledges. The *Resolute* was abandoned in Wellington Inlet, May 15, 1854, and was not again heard of till September, 1856, when, after having drifted about for sixteen months, she was picked up near Cape Mercy, over a thousand miles from the place where she had been abandoned and still imbedded in ice, by Captain Biddington, of the American whaler *George Henry*, who towed her into New London, as a prize. Congress having heard of the circumstance, appropriated forty thousand dollars to purchase the vessel of the salvors. She was then sent to the United States navy yard and sent back to England "as an act of high international courtesy." After a very stormy passage, the *Resolute* reached English waters under command of Lieutenant H. J. Hartstene, United States navy, and was cast anchor at Spithead on the 12th of December. The enthusiasm at the event was unbounded throughout England. Lieutenant Hartstene dined with the Prime Minister, Palmerston, at his country house, and was the guest of the queen, while the other officers and the crew received every attention which national gratification could suggest.

Investigating Yellow Fever.

The mysteriousness of the yellow fever plague has stimulated anew the scientific inquiries into its origin and contagiousness, and in that laudable but dangerous service Drs. Chaille and Sternberg have been sent out to Havana to make as thorough and searching an investigation of yellow fever in its native land as is possible. They have erected a physiological laboratory there. In this their experiments will be conducted, and full reports are to be made from time to time to the United States naval board of health. One of the points they wish to test first is whether a newly-arrived person is more liable to contract yellow fever than one who has lived in the country for some time. That is one reason why they wished to have the animals they are to use in their experiments sent to them from a Northern port. Again, they desire to see whether a white animal is more susceptible than a black one. On this account, all the animals shipped were as near white as could be procured. The *Typha* *Vesotrich* gives of the devastation by grasshoppers of Elizabethopol, and other districts of Southern Siberia, is really appalling. The grasshoppers did not come in a single swarm, as is the case in the fields like hailstorms; the contrary, they put in their appearance gradually, at first in the beginning, they caused only curiosity. But they steadily increased in number, and when the grass began to turn yellow, the people began to realize that a plague was upon them. Candles were lit, processions were made, the priests prayed in public for deliverance from the pest, and the means of a rude superstition were applied. But in vain; the grasshoppers went on increasing at a fearful rate, and finally they invaded the towns. They filled the brooks and wells, making the water undrinkable; they sat on the roofs of the houses, and all passage was seriously embarrassed; they penetrated even into the houses, and filled chimneys and ovens. At this point the civil authorities determined to suppress the clergy in dealing with the plague. All business was suspended, and all the members of the community, without distinction of rank, sex or age, were set to kill grasshoppers, two rods, or about sixty pounds, being the average measure demanded of a person. By this means the plague seemed to have been stayed, but not cured. The grasshoppers, the famine and the epidemic.

Narrow Escape from Death.

A week ago, while a laborer was engaged in managing a large wooden box used for hoisting brick at the stacks being erected at the Pennsylvania, near Harrisburg, Pa., he met with an escape in a perilous situation that perhaps never occurred before under similar circumstances. A load of brick had been delivered to the top of the stack, then at the height of one hundred and forty feet, and the laborer in question was standing on the edge of this wall, raising to this immense altitude, guiding the ascending bucket to keep it in the center of the stack. In doing this he had to lean forward to catch the rope, thus placing himself over the fearful chasm. In this position, when the box had descended about twenty feet, the man lost his hold of the rope while still bending forward. It was a moment of terrible peril and awful horror, in which the laborer, with his hands and arms perfectly helpless. If misfortune came upon his friends, as it often does, their case is hopeless.
The most fearful and miserable woman upon earth before this class. It was taken at once to Point Bonito, and liberated. On the way to the point they were placed in a fresh supply of water from the incoming tide, which greatly delighted them. They were all females, as well as the poor require training. The wheel of fortune rolls swiftly round; the rich are very likely to become poor, and the poor rich. Skilled to labor is no disadvantage to the rich, and is indispensable to the poor. Well-to-do parents must educate their children to work. No reform is more imperative than this.

Grand Rapids, Mich., has an anti-trusting society.

A Wonderful Child.

There is in Bangor, Me., one of the most remarkable boys in the world, probably. He is a son of Col. Fuller, and is now ten years of age. His intellect is perfectly wonderful, and almost goes beyond belief. The first that his friends noticed of his precocity was about a year ago, when they accidentally discovered that he was almost infallible on any date he had ever seen or heard. He was out West with his parents at the time, and as he was walking in company with some relatives, in a cemetery, they observed that he would look at a tombstone, read the date of the death recorded, and the exact age of the person buried there, and then glance up and tell what day of the week the dead person was born on. This happened on several occasions, and but little attention was paid to it. Finally, however, one of his relatives took pains to look into an old almanac covering some of the dates he had mentioned, and found that the day of the week had been given correctly in every instance. This caused them to ask him questions, when it was discovered that he could almost instantly tell the day of the week on which any date within the last seventy-five years fell.

He never forgets a date that he has once fixed in his memory, and is almost invaluable as a statistician. He remembers when every President of the United States was born, when inaugurated as President, and how long he served, and when he died. Any of these dates he gives with scarcely a second's thought, as well as hundreds of others of a like nature. Once in a while he makes a momentary mistake, but corrects himself almost instantly, never proceeding until he is absolutely certain of what he has already said.

A still more remarkable fact is that he recollects everything that he does, remembers on what day he did it, where he was at the time, and what were the circumstances that led him to do it. For instance, he will tell where he was on any day within the past two years, and what he was doing. Further, he remembers and can tell everything that his friends have done, providing he has seen them do it; and tell on what date and for how long. A certain Major Van Lennep, who was a member of the United States navy, and lived happily in Paris. Meanwhile, investigations were made concerning the girl left in 1801, in the founding house at Brest, and as these investigations were made by the Swedish ambassador, they attracted some attention. Captain Kramer heard about the affair, and sent a note to the ambassador, and a month later on the ambassador came in state to bring Mrs. Kramer a formal acknowledgment from her father, the former General Bernadotte, the present King Charles XIV. of Sweden. Capt. Kramer and his wife went immediately to Stockholm; they were enabled, etc., and their son has just now been appointed attaché to the Swedish legation in Paris.

Unhappy Marriages.

The truth is that these too frequent 'unhappy marriages' are the offspring of ignorance quite as much as of actual sin or wrongs. Pools, and especially vicious fools, have no right to get possession of an honest woman's life and heart, and then to expect her to comprehend and the elevating influence of which they throw away even more by stupidity than by willfulness. A woman, by her sex and character, has a claim to many things beside shelter, food and clothing. She is no less a woman for being married; and the man who is fit to be trusted with a good wife recollects all which this implies, and shows himself perpetually chivalrous, sweet-spoken, considerate and deferential. The fool and the brute are almost equally unfit to be such demands; but they are not nearly as bad as to live the out-and-out life, missing the dearest possibilities of human intercourse.

A Terrible Plague.

The description which the *Typha* *Vesotrich* gives of the devastation by grasshoppers of Elizabethopol, and other districts of Southern Siberia, is really appalling. The grasshoppers did not come in a single swarm, as is the case in the fields like hailstorms; the contrary, they put in their appearance gradually, at first in the beginning, they caused only curiosity. But they steadily increased in number, and when the grass began to turn yellow, the people began to realize that a plague was upon them. Candles were lit, processions were made, the priests prayed in public for deliverance from the pest, and the means of a rude superstition were applied. But in vain; the grasshoppers went on increasing at a fearful rate, and finally they invaded the towns. They filled the brooks and wells, making the water undrinkable; they sat on the roofs of the houses, and all passage was seriously embarrassed; they penetrated even into the houses, and filled chimneys and ovens. At this point the civil authorities determined to suppress the clergy in dealing with the plague. All business was suspended, and all the members of the community, without distinction of rank, sex or age, were set to kill grasshoppers, two rods, or about sixty pounds, being the average measure demanded of a person. By this means the plague seemed to have been stayed, but not cured. The grasshoppers, the famine and the epidemic.

Poor Girls.

The poorest girls in the world are those who have never been taught to work. There are thousands of them. Rich parents have petted them; they have been taught to despise labor, and depend upon others for living; and are perfectly helpless. If misfortune comes upon their friends, as it often does, their case is hopeless.
The most fearful and miserable woman upon earth before this class. It was taken at once to Point Bonito, and liberated. On the way to the point they were placed in a fresh supply of water from the incoming tide, which greatly delighted them. They were all females, as well as the poor require training. The wheel of fortune rolls swiftly round; the rich are very likely to become poor, and the poor rich. Skilled to labor is no disadvantage to the rich, and is indispensable to the poor. Well-to-do parents must educate their children to work. No reform is more imperative than this.

A Young Girl's Romantic Life.

The romantic vicissitudes of the early life of the Countess Solange de Kramer have once more become the talk of the Paris salons, and they are, indeed, extraordinary that, used as materials for a novel, they would spoil the book by their lack of verisimilitude. One night, in 1801, a little girl about one year old, was deposited in the drawer of the founding hospital at Brest. She was dressed with much finery, and a note, attached to her skirts, told that her name was Solange, and that she would be reclaimed by her father. The claim was never made, however, and in due time the child was transferred to the orphan asylum, to be educated there. As she grew up she developed a most extraordinary beauty, but her intellect appeared to be very weak, and she suffered from frequent nervous fits. When she was twelve years old she was sent out into the streets to sell flowers, and her beauty and modesty attracted many people's good will, but she grew weaker and weaker, and at last she died. According to French custom, she was buried in an open casket, and as it was winter and the soil was frozen, she was laid into the grave, only covered with a thin layer of sand. During the night she awoke, and pushing the sand away, she crept out from this grave. Not exactly understanding what had taken place, she was not so very much frightened, but in crossing the glacial between the cemetery and the fortifications, she was suddenly snatched by the outcry, "Qui vive!" and as she did not answer, the sentinel fired, and she fell to the ground. Brought into the guard-house, her wound was found to be very slight and she soon recovered, but her singular history and so, with a severe admonition, she was left off. No more was heard of the bad flour.

Cause of the Coolness Between Russia and Germany.

After keeping the whole diplomatic world of Europe in one continuous flutter for more than a month, the origin of the cold wave which suddenly struck the Russo-German alliance, blighted its cordiality, and prevented the Russian emperor from being present at his uncle's golden wedding, has at last been found out. A certain Major Van Lennep, attached to the German legation at St. Petersburg as its military member, had some time ago the great misfortune to have not only his money, but also his papers stolen from him. The theft was caught and the money was promptly restored by the police, but the papers were sent on a trip through the secret bureaus of the Russian administration, and here some disagreeable discoveries were made. The major's criticism was very free and not so very kind in its tone. This, however, could properly be considered and treated as merely a personal affair. But the papers also showed that the German government kept itself posted about everything military in Russia with a minuteness which looked very much like an actual preparation, and which in a striking manner reminded the Russian government of the startling familiarity which the Prussian staff developed in 1870-71 with all French military secrets. A certain Major Van Lennep, attached to the German legation at St. Petersburg as its military member, had some time ago the great misfortune to have not only his money, but also his papers stolen from him. The theft was caught and the money was promptly restored by the police, but the papers were sent on a trip through the secret bureaus of the Russian administration, and here some disagreeable discoveries were made. The major's criticism was very free and not so very kind in its tone. This, however, could properly be considered and treated as merely a personal affair. But the papers also showed that the German government kept itself posted about everything military in Russia with a minuteness which looked very much like an actual preparation, and which in a striking manner reminded the Russian government of the startling familiarity which the Prussian staff developed in 1870-71 with all French military secrets.

The Result of Flirting.

Scene, a theater. Seated in the orchestra a lady and gentleman; the former much enamored of the latter, in fact, desirous of winning him. The lady, however, has flirting tendencies, and indulges them with a handsome party in the circle. The escort is not unobtrusive of this little by-play, and finally asks smilingly, "Do you know that gentleman with whom you are flirting?" An embarrassed negative is the reply. "Then excuse me a moment." The escort immediately crosses the theater, puts a similar question to the other conspirator, "Sir, are you acquainted with the lady at whom you have been smiling this last half hour?" "No."

A Nevada Story.

At Omaha a disgusting exhibition is in progress in the shape of a rooster, which although having his head cut off, still lives. His head was cut off in Kansas four months ago, and the rooster ran under a house, whence in a day or two he was taken out alive, having refused to die. The present proprietor hearing of it bought it for \$50, and he says he has refused \$7,000 for it. He is making a great deal of money out of it. The bird is fed in the throat and takes nourishment rapidly; is in fat condition, and stands up and walks around at leisure. Surgeons explain it by saying that the head was cut off at the base of the brain near the end of the spinal column, which was not broken. The head is prepared in alcohol.

Goethe as a Child.

The great German writer Goethe, according to *Scribner*, early learned to read and write, and at six years of age, not only wrote quite well, but also drew. When he was eight years old, he wrote original compositions—and very good ones—in German, French, Italian, Latin and Greek. He was not taught Italian, but picked it up from hearing it taught to his sister. He was truly a wonderful child. And he did not love study because he was weak and sickly, and could not do anything else; for he was generally healthy, and a very bright, active boy at play, always ready for a frolic. He was born with an eager desire for knowledge, and the capacity to acquire it, as well as with the genius to invent stories and poems.

In a Bombay, India, cotton factory a man receives \$8 a month, a woman \$4 and a child \$2.50.
The population of Mexico is officially stated at 9,686,777.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Tea grown in South Carolina has a delicious aromatic flavor.
Anthony Zabriekie, an old gentleman who lived near New York, was struck by an express train while crossing the track and instantly killed. He left a fortune of \$10,000.
Mr. Plum committed suicide at Palmer, Kansas, and his wife, on hearing of her bereavement, also killed herself. Their daughter made an attempt on the following day to hang herself, but was rescued.

The correspondent at Rome says a circular has been addressed to bishops throughout the Catholic world, calling on them to promote a monster clerical pilgrimage to Rome for the next Feast of the Epiphany.

In Paris thirty-five years ago stores of all kinds were opened for sale. Now all large establishments are closed, and only a few of the smaller are open. In Italy, too, labor is much more restricted on Sunday than formerly.

Ten thousand chickens were broiled on Coney Island, New York's great sea beach, on a recent Sunday, and 869,000 chickens were washed them down. The four leading hotels there fed that day an aggregate of 43,000 people.

Since asphalt has been adopted for the streets of London many ordinary roller skates, and they can move so much faster than ordinary pedestrians that messengers employed by offices in the city are adopting the skates.

Torpedo boats are now protected against Gatling and similar machine guns by coating the inside of the iron sheathing with sheets of India rubber. When a ball makes its way through the rubber that substance instantly closes over the orifice and excludes the water.

While an undertaker was putting the remains of Emil Hauch in an ice box, in Williamsburg, N. Y., the supposed corpse revived, and the man is now doing well. It was supposed he had died of heart disease, when he was simply in a state of suspended animation.

In examinations of 5,654 boilers made by a boiler insurance company, 1,977 were discovered to be defective, and in 424 the defects were so serious that more than fresh boilers as these ought to be needed to enforce the value of frequent and thorough inspections.

The special treasury agents in New York are engaged in examining alleged extensive undervaluations in silks and velvets, and it is said that their labors have already resulted in the seizure of 424 of the defective goods, valued at more than \$300,000. Some of the velvets are said to have been undervalued nearly one-third.

The boys at Holyoke, Mass., slide down the incline of the big dam on their faces, the foot or two carrying them; then they sit on their heels and plunge their heads into the deep pool below. One of them ran a silver into his abdomen and had to be sewed up afterward; but usually the sport is funny.

There is a little banian rooster, the property of a family in Calhoun, Ga., that is trained to perform many antics, and is especially fond of imitating a hen. He will follow a hen, and will also perch upon a bureau and parade himself before the looking-glass, performing all sorts of ludicrous tricks and maneuvers.

The other day a flock of sheep numbering upward of two hundred herded by a man named John McDonald, near Chatham, Ill., broke out of their pasture and ran on the railroad track just as a train was passing. Upward of one hundred of them were killed and maimed ere the train could be stopped.

A steamship recently landed at New York over 600 steerage passengers, the most of whom were Russians, fleeing from the hardships of that country. The Russians alone represented a capital of over \$100,000. Among them were sixty families, having two hundred and thirteen children. They are a remarkably fine-looking party.

The *Science of Health* says: If farmers would avoid suddenly cooling the body after great exertions; if they would be careful not to go with wet clothing and wet feet, and if they would not overeat when hungry, and exhausted condition, and bathe daily, using much friction, they would have little or no rheumatism.

The revolution in Magdalena, New Granada, South America, has triumphed, and President Robles, whose principal crime seems to have been his active opposition to the candidature of the party in power, Nunez, is now in prison. The three days' fighting in the streets of Santa Martha resulted in the loss of one hundred and seventy lives.

The authorities of Vera Cruz, Mexico, are charged with having been guilty of indecent haste executing the nine revolutionaries. All of the victims leave families. The conspiracy on the steamer *Libertad* and in Vera Cruz had ramifications along the Gulf coast. The rude blow given at Vera Cruz prevented a general outbreak. The conspiracy is attributed to discontent arising from the suppression of the contraband trade.

Russia has many and varied troubles. It is estimated that the cattle plague will inflict a loss of \$24,000,000 upon the empire this year, and millions of bushels of wheat are being destroyed and with a small beetle, for whose destructive power no sufficient check has yet been found. As an inducement to the people to destroy the insect, a reward was offered for every quart of them that were brought in, dead or alive; but \$8,000,000 has been expended in this way without effect.

The most remarkable social feature of the present season at Long Branch is the development of caste, to which development the season of '79 seems to have been remarkably favorable. Caste is being brought in, dead or alive; but \$8,000,000 has been expended in this way without effect. These social or rather unsocial lines are becoming apparent to even a careless observer, and many amusing incidents occur when people of the third caste, 'extraneousists,' are betrayed by ignorance or indifference into introducing themselves on the domain of the 'hotel guests' or the 'cottage residents.'

REV. S. R. TRAWICK, A. M.,
Principal.

Bachelor Brics-a-brac.
Have you ever looked into a bachelor's room
To the glowing twilight dinner and pipe,
While he lies on the lounge in a poetic gloom,
And the fruit of his fancy is ripe?
The Angelina-belle, with their musical clang,
Are appealing in vain to his ear;
'Tis the summons to prayer, but he don't care
A hang—
The gods that he worships are here.
In his chamber the trophies of battle are stored;
He reckons his scars by the score;
The mamma he enraptured, the daughters he
bored,
The mittens, and heartaches galore.
There are cushions of satin, and filigreed mats,
With monograms, ever his own;
There are monogram-cases, embroidered cravats,
And trills for his jare of Cologne;
There's a tiny slipper he captured by chance
From the queen of the ballet stars;
Its triumphs are over, a trace to romance—
It is sacred to Club House games.
Love-letters are labeled to a broken fan
With a ribbon of faded blue,
From Marie, who married the wrong
man,
And is now a mother—or two.
Some tresses of hair, from raven to gold;
Handfuls of nameless curls;
He may have forgotten the sweethearts of old,
But they're warranted, all of them, girls!
There's a perfumed glove, a fragment of lace,
And the fringe of a silk sash;
Six photographs of a sad, sweet face—
The spoils of his latest mesh;
There's a flowing girle of cardinal red,
That is called like the cunning asp—
Oh, so sweetly!—it's been used;
It is clasped with a golden clasp.
Of such is the bachelor's brics-a-brac;
Need I tell you what it is for?
It's his pride as he lies with his heart on the
rack,
Lazily waiting for war.
From the waters beneath to the heavens above,
My bachelor here has found
In the wide, wide world there is nothing but
love,
And there's more than enough to go round.

FOR THE FARMER'S HOUSEHOLD.
Green Peas and Oats for Cows.
Fodder-corn is almost universally
raised to feed cows while on short
pasture in the fall, and is so valuable
an addition to their food that every dairy-
man should raise about one-eighth of an
acre of it for each cow kept; but it
should also be remembered that cows
require a variety. It is not good econ-
omy to depend on one kind of green food,
and especially one containing so little
albuminoid matter as fodder-corn.
Clover and a mixture of meadow grasses
may be relied upon alone, but corn
should always be fed with some more
nutritious food. It does very well
with half pasture, for the grasses will
supply the albuminoid matter.
There are other green crops that
should be raised to be fed with corn;
and we know of none better than peas
and oats, sown together—one third oats
and two-thirds peas—three bushels of
the mixed seed per acre, with drill. On
land in good condition a large crop may
be raised, having a value second to no
other. Peas and oats are equal to clover,
and may be raised on a great variety of
soils—a most important consideration.
We have raised twelve tons of this green
food to the acre, and this would feed
twenty-four cows ten days without any
other food. The peas are rich in caseine
—just what is required to make milk—
and the oats are rich in starch, and
the oat is rich in albuminoid matter.
These two crops grow well to-
gether, for the oats hold the peas up
and prevent them from lying too flat on the
ground. They mature so near together
that they are both ready to cut at the
same time. But the crop should always
be cut when the peas are full and the
oats in the milk. It is then very suc-
culent and palatable, and will produce
as much milk as any food we know of,
aside from a large variety of pasture
grasses in their most succulent state. If
the dairyman has green fodder-corn also
let him feed the corn, peas and oats to-
gether. He need never fear giving too
much variety at once. In an old pas-
ture cows find from twenty to fifty vari-
eties of grass, to be eaten at the same
time. This is what gives such fine flavor
to the milkers on old pastures; it gath-
ers and concentrates the aroma of all
these plants, and it must have a more
delicious flavor than that from one
kind of food, such as corn or rye, or
even red clover, alone.

The Apple Tree Borer.
This insect, says an agriculturist,
seems to be rapidly increasing in num-
bers, and thousands of young apple trees
are yearly destroyed by its ravages. In
regard to its natural habits but little is
known; the only reliable information
being that it is produced from the eggs
of a larva-striped copper-colored beetle,
and enters the body of the tree, most
frequently at or near the surface of the
ground, though sometimes several feet
above it, and the larva, after boring
and drawing upon the sap for its
nourishment until the vitality of the tree
is destroyed. There are many remedies
recommended by orchardists and others,
the most common of which is cutting
out the insect with the head of a victrola.
This is a very hardy insect, and it is
no uncommon thing for them to burrow
an inch or so into the body of the tree,
and thus the remedy might prove as bad
or worse than the disease. Equally fu-
tile is the idea of catching the beetles
by building little fires in the orchard at
night in early summer when the insect
is mating, as it would have to be done
every night for a month or more, and
then, perhaps, not one-tenth of them
destroyed. Others recommend tying a
piece of oiled cloth tightly around the body
of the tree, drawing down one edge to
the ground and covering it with earth.
Others again recommend using tarred
roofing paper for the same purpose. But
these preventives are almost as imprac-
ticable, on account of the expense and
labor, as the remedies above mentioned.
A much cheaper and better protection
from the ravages of this insect is wash-
ing the bodies of the trees with carbolic
solutions about the first of July, when
the eggs are being deposited, as it not
only kills the eggs already laid, but pre-
vents any from being laid after the ap-
plication of the wash. Carbolic acid is
death to all insects with which it comes
in contact, and therefore a single appli-
cation of the kind will generally answer
every purpose.

Italian Bees.
All who have tried them agree to the
superiority of the Italian bee over the
common blacks. To say that they are
not is like saying that a short-horn is
nowise superior to the lean, long Texas
steer; or that Essex or Berkshire swine
are no better than the long, lank, hazel-
splitter, with infinite ones. I have only
space in this article to mention some of
their superior qualities. They possess
longer tongues, hence can gather honey

from flowers which are useless to the
black bee; they are more active and will
collect more honey; they work earlier
and later, both in the day and season;
they are far better to protect their hives
against robbers; they are almost proof
against the bee moth; the queens are
more prolific; the queen is more readily
found. I would rather undertake to find
three Italian queens than one black. It
is frequently necessary to find the queen
in a hive, and this advantage alone is of
vast importance. The bees are more
disposed to adhere to the comb. Another
sufficient ground alone, if that the
bees are far more amiable; they are
treated kindly and they are handled nearly
any time without smoke.

Curing Hay.
A suggestion made by the *Pratt*
Farmer upon the saving of hay should be
put upon record. He says that it is
not generally known that hay may be
put in a barn much greener than a stack,
and come out all right. The reason of
this is that it is kept more perfectly from
contact with the air, it will sometimes
be covered with a layer of straw, and the
moisture will stand over the top of the
mow, and for the reason that during the process of fermenta-
tion the moisture rises to the surface
faster than it can be absorbed by the air.
Whenever this is the case
if the mow gets so hot that a sharpened
stick driven deep in the mow, and allowed
to remain over night comes out in the
morning so hot as to be too warm for the
hand, there will be danger of serious
mow-burning. If only a gentle heat is
experienced, the hay will not be injured,
and although it may be browned some-
what, many good farmers consider it
better for this fermentation. The safe
rule, however, is to so dry the hay that
it will retain its green color. If the hay
in the mow or stack so far as possi-
ble.

Short vs. Long Furrows.
When a farmer plows a furrow of sev-
enty-eight yards in length when he could
as well plow a furrow two hundred and
seventy-four yards in length, he is get-
ting a waste of three hours and twenty
minutes out of a day of eight hours, or
if the day's labor of men and team be
reckoned at three dollars, he is losing by
the short length of furrow about \$1.25 a
day. This, though an extreme case, does
not lessen the force of the argument.

Domestic Notes.
To PREVENT FIE PASTE from soaking
the liquid contained in the filling of the
pie, glaze the under crust with a beaten
egg.
For TAKING OUT SOREHOOD.—If a sore
boom, or any other article, has been
scorched in ironing, lay it where bright
sun will fall directly on it. It will take
it entirely out.

FRUIT CANNING.—Put a pint of warm
water in a basin, and lay in a flannel
folded several times, being careful to
keep the flannel larger than the bot-
tom of the dish. Place your empty jar
on the flannel, and pour in your fruit
boiling hot. A large number of cans can
be filled without changing the water,
with no danger of breaking. This simple
method saves much time and trouble.

BAKED EGG PLANT.—Cut it into slices
three-fourths of an inch thick and lay in
salt water for an hour or more. Wipe the
pieces dry and dip into beaten egg, then
into bread crumbs or cracker dust; have
the fat hot in your pan, just enough to
prevent sticking—and put them into the
oil until done. This will be found a
better way than frying, and they are
very light and delicious. Season to the
taste before cooking.

ICE CREAM WITHOUT A FREEZER.
Beat the yolks of eight eggs very light,
and add two cups sugar and stir well.
Add to this, little by little, one
quart milk that has been heated al-
most to boiling, beating all the while,
then put in the whites of eight eggs
beaten to a stiff froth. Then boil the
mixture in a pan set inside another con-
taining hot water. Boil about fifteen
minutes, or until it is as thick as a boiled
custard, stirring steadily meanwhile.
Pour into a bowl to cool. When quite
cool, beat into it three pints of rich sweet
cream, and such other ingredients of vanilla,
or such other flavorings as you prefer.
Put it into a pan having a close-fitting
cover and pack in pounded ice and salt
—rock salt, not the common kind. When
packed, pour the custard on top of the
ice, cover, beat the custard as you would
batter for five minutes steadily, then put
on the cover, put the ice and salt over it
and cover the whole with a thick mat,
blanket or carpet, and let it stand for an
hour. Do not let the salt get inside, or it
will ruin the cream. Carefully uncover
the custard from the bottom and sides of the
pan and scrape from the bottom and sides of the
pan the thick coating of frozen custard,
making every particle clear, beat again
hard until the custard is a smooth, half-
congealed paste. Do this thoroughly.
Put on the cover, ice, salt and blanket,
and leave it for five or six hours, replen-
ish the ice and salt if necessary.

A Virginia Snake Story.
A Cabanus, Va., correspondent writes:
As my sons were going to plow they
heard a noise near the roadside, and on
looking they saw a large king snake
about the size of a large copperhead snake,
with the head of the venomous reptile in
his mouth. One of the boys got a forked
stick and carried the serpent to the house,
about three hundred yards distant,
but the king snake did not unloose
the hold upon the head of his victim.
The two were placed near the window
where I was sitting, and I watched them
fully an hour. They seldom moved.
This was about sundown. Curious to see
how they would make it, and fearing
the copperhead would get away, I had a
fork run through its body and fastened
it to the ground. Now it looked as if
the king snake had snaked everything
out of the copperhead's body. After
dark, by the light of a lamp, we saw that
the king snake had unloosed the hold
upon the head of his victim, and was
fast swallowing the other. At the ex-
piration of half an hour we took out the
fork, and the king snake started off with
his prey. We put in the fork again and
prized 'Yankee' back over them till morn-
ing. Then there appeared one snake—
the king snake—and when released
glided away.

Wonderful Growth of a City.
The first settlement at Denver, Col.,
was made twenty years ago, and it now
boasts of thirty thousand inhabitants,
while its sanguine business men pre-
dict that the population will soon reach
100,000 people. The region round
about has altered greatly in a short time,
since it was but a sandy plain, regarded
as sterile, and now, through irrigation,
the whole Platte valley is dotted with
many rural charms. The town has not
yet been made healthful. Despite its
elevation—near 4,500 feet—its lack of
sufficient drainage is an alarming
evil. It is said that an enter-
prising 'Yankee' staked it out in 1859,
but, disappointed in selling lots, and
hearing of gold in the vicinity, disposed
of Denver to a vagabond Mexican for an
old watch and a young mule, and rode
off to seek his fortune.

**The Baptists of Missouri have in col-
leges under their control 900 young wo-
men and 300 young men.**

An Editor's Valedictory.
The editor of a New York State jour-
nal on laying down his professional la-
bors, embraces the occasion to give us
teratons on some subjects which are
applicable to the world over among
newspaper readers:

Having for nearly seven years been a
weekly visitor at your homes, kindly
sharing the hospitality, and, we hope,
contributing somewhat to the comfort
of the same, it only remains to shake
hands all around, take an affectionate
and heart-breaking farewell, and come
no more, probably, forever.
Good-bye. It has been spoken over the
last of the year. It has been spoken in
between parting hearts, but it never
is spoken with such pathos and emotion
as when a country editor, with the mem-
ory of his hard grubbing and his hand
comforts pressing upon him, hands his
valedictory over to the compositor, puts
the stub end of his worn out pencil into
his breeches pocket, and shuffles his
rheumatic legs down stairs to go no
more back forever.

We part with you, square. We pro-
claim a general amnesty all round. We
expire forgiving our enemies, and shall
haunt those who obstinately refuse to
forgive us. We are bound to be for-
given.
Farmers, good-bye. You are the dor-
sal column of the country editor's sub-
scription list. It could not stand erect
without your help. May the time soon
come when no mortgage, like a great
morass in the center of a pleasant mead-
ow, shall obstruct your prosperity.
The best of the season's work of scum-
pation and highly perforated cordage?
The act is forgiven. Have you ever
given us butter of most unhalloved
flavor? We hope, after a little, to for-
give even this.

There is a particular class of patrons
whom every departing country editor
remembers with special gratitude. It is
the substantial, thoroughly steadfast,
patrons—the men who are never blown
out of favor with him by the light gusts
of ill will, or the heavy winds of calumny
their bills with thoroughly professional
honor and promptness. We remember
all such men in Groton with down-
right and uncompromising gratitude.
We count their names with thankful-
ness. If I will, I will, I will, I will
hold this office above the dust that
verges the street below.

Support the new management. A
country newspaper needs friends, and
cannot afford to have enemies. Don't
forget and if some of our friends will
stop your patronage. Don't prattle all
over the village about the short com-
ings of the editor—co-operate with and
encourage him. Help him to get news,
and see that he has his share of your
money to do his work. Let him have
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